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No. 193.

IN ARMOR.
BY LETTIE A. IRONS.

Over the pathway my feet walk in
There hovers a Presence rare;
By day or night, be it dark or bright,
It is ever and always there—
Forever and always there.

Through a darksome vale, o'er rugged stones,
My hand, as I journey on,
But on either hand, as I journey on,
I can see fair mountains rise,
O'erhanging with smiling skies.

But if, worn out with my weary walk
Along the rugged way,
I would turn where the mountains fair and grand
In the smiling sunshine lay,
The Presence bars my way.

If I would put from my burning lips
A cry of life's bitter pain,
The Presence comes at my side—
And offers it me again—
"Reward shall follow pain."

If Love draw near, and tempt my soul
Eager to claim its mate,
The shadowy Presence draweth near,
And softly whispers, "Wait—
Yet awhile longer, Lord!"

If, tired of the never-won battle,
I would lay down my faithful sword,
And weary of struggle my fainting soul
Cries, "How much longer, Lord!"

The Presence stands by me,
And says to my soul, "Be strong
Yet awhile longer; resume thy sword,
And battle with giant wrong—
After victory, song!"

And so I wait, with what patience I may,
Knowing God guides in all,
And that at length, in His own good time,
He will make my chains to knot.
And free me from every thral.

Knowing at last the pain will cease—
The battle at last be won;
At last the pain will cease—
The painful struggle done—
The tiresome race be run.

Knowing at last I shall hear the words,
"Well done!" and my sword lay down,
Leave the darksome vale for the mountains fair,
And the cross exchange for a crown.

NADIA, THE RUSSIAN SPY; on, The Brothers of the Starry Cross.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER,
AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE SEA CAT," "THE
BOOK RIDER," "DOUBLE-DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

PRINCE GALLITZIN.

In Russia there are two great parties in politics, two in religion. Old Russia and Young Russia hate each other in politics; the Orthodox Church and the Old Believers anathematize each other in religion. Now Young Russia is Free Russia; tolerant in religion, headed by the czar. Twenty years ago Old Russia was in power, persecuting Old Believers, and Nicholas was the head of the Orthodox Church.

Within the empire, superior in numbers, but deprived of power, stood the Young Russian party, and its recognized chief was Prince Alexis Gallitzin.

Prince Gallitzin, a tall, stately gentleman, with gray hair, and drooping gray mustache, dressed in the universal military uniform, stood in his drawing-room, looking absently from the window at the streams of sleds flying down the great ice-mountain erected on the frozen Neva, his palace.

Several ladies and gentlemen were in the room, chatting on the usual nothings of fashionable society; and at last one of them mentioned the subject of the war, just declared by the allies against Russia.

The Princess Gallitzin, a tall, queenly-looking lady, with dark hair and black eyes of unusual splendor, immediately said:

"There can be no doubt that his imperial majesty will sweep the insolent Franks and Moslems alike into the sea. We are all as one in the belief that Russia must conquer."

Prince Gallitzin turned from the window with his hands behind his back, and observed:

"It is always unwise, Serbia, to boast of a battle before it is fought. We shall meet no unworthy adversaries in these French. Remember, I was a boy at Borodino."

Several other gentlemen ventured to express a timid doubt as to whether it would be easy to beat the allies, when the princess interrupted in a sneering tone.

"What, are you all against Russia? This lucky Gorloff is not here."

Then Prince Gallitzin, in a peculiar voice, said:

"Who knows that he is not here now, by his spy, Serbia? For my part I would not give myself the trouble to turn aside to step on vermin like Gorloff and his crew of so-called nobles, creatures of one man."

Prince Gorloff smiled placidly.

"You forgot that that man is the czar."

"I forgot nothing," said Gallitzin, carelessly;

"not even whom I have raised to rank here this. Good-morning, madam. Come, Dolgorouki, the sledge waits."

And the two old princes, heads of the noblest houses in Russia, left the saloon together, and descended the broad marble stairs. The princess turned ghostly pale at some hidden meaning in her husband's words, and bit her lip till the blood came, while her eyes flashed a momentary glance after his receding form that few men would have liked to encounter.

But the next instant she was all smiles and pleasantry, as she conversed with Colonel Count Ruloff, one of the old noblesse of the czar, who alone frequented the Gallitzin palace.

The cause of her secret rage and the prince's sneer was well known to all there, although none noticed it ostensibly. Prince Gallitzin, twenty years before, had married the beautiful Sergia Newsky, the star prima donna of the Imperial Opera House, for her beauty and her voice. He had found, too late, that he had married a devil in passion, and their life had

"How I should like to try one shot at the Christian dogs yonder! I could take off their leader so easily. Shall I do it?"



been embittered by constant quarrels ever since. The princess was—a Gipsy. In that word lay the explanation of all. The wild Gipsy blood was not tamed in her, and the Princess Gallitzin was true to her old tribe, in deceit, vindictiveness, and boundless extravagance.

When her husband refused at last to sanction the perpetual demands on his purse, which might have crippled the czar himself, then it was that Sergia listened to the persuasive voice of Gorloff, and became—a police spy on her own husband.

And Gallitzin knew it, and disdained to notice it, save by a sarcasm such as now sent the tiger-blood to Sergia's heart.

Let it go, Boris," he said to his brother prince, as the latter made some remark to him about caution when they were driving away.

"I know that every word I say goes to Gorloff, and thence to Romanoff. But what care I? Let them send me to Siberia, if they dare. The Gallitzin led Russian armies against Jenghis Khan, six hundred years ago, when the Romanoffs were German counts. If they drive me to the wall, they'll find no Polish Jew about me. I will light such a flame!"

"Hush!" said Dolgorouki, cautiously; "you forget you are in the streets, with spies on the box, perhaps. After all, neither you nor I would do harm to Russia, and she has chosen the Romanoffs for her czars."

"Understand me," said the old prince, haughtily; "I recognize Nicholas Romanoff as my czar, and so long as he respects the old houses that made him, so long I obey him. But I speak my mind where I will, and let him or Gorloff stop me if they dare. Nay, Boris, don't look so grave. There are no spies among my serfs. I'll trust them all as I would."

And here he suddenly broke off abruptly.

They were passing the winter palace, and two magnificent equipages stood before the grand entrance, which both nobles instantly recognized. One was the gorgeous sleigh of the minister of police, and the other bore on the side panels the imperial arms.

"The Grand Duke Alexander has come back," was the remark of the politic Dolgorouki.

"The best of the breed is home at last. Now we shall be safe from that low-bred hound Gorloff, and his spies," said fiery Gallitzin, as he passed close to the minister's sleigh, and looked full in the face of an *aid-de-camp* who was awaiting his chief on the back seat. He spoke loudly to be heard.

The young officer flushed deeply, and tugged nervously at his yellow mustache, but he did not dare say anything, and the sleigh of the two most powerful nobles in Russia went jingling down the street. Then cautious Dolgorouki observed:

"What ails you, Alexis, that you must ever be making enemies? You insulted that man and his chief without need or reason."

"Quite the reverse, my friend," said Gallitzin, calmly. "That man who sat there so quietly is Gorloff's head spy in the palace, and will tell his master just what I say. It will

make Gorloff furious, for, as you know, he hates to be reminded of his low origin. Well, an angry man is no match for a cool one, and I am cool. I'll beat that Gorloff before many years are out, and you shall see his name among the men condemned to the knout. He and I have an old score to settle, and I'll pay it up with interest."

"An old account to settle? How so?" asked Prince Boris.

Gallitzin laughed, bitterly.

"You don't know, Boris. How should you, innocent old fellow? You spend the autumn hunting bears on your estates, and the summer at the roulette tables of Baden. You never hear of those who disappear, and are returned as dead by the police. Let it pass. I am sorry we saw that dog's sleigh. Let us go to the country again, Boris, before the snow melts and the roads disappear. I am sick of this place since Nadia left us."

Something in the theme seemed to sadden the old prince, for he turned aside his head, and dashed his gloved hand across his eyes, as if the keen wind made them water.

"Never mind, old friend," said Gallitzin, more cheerfully. "We hoped great things once from this marriage, but it was not to be. God and the czar would not permit it. How is Ivan?"

"He was in command of his regiment in the Caucasus, well and happy, when I heard from him last," said Dolgorouki, quietly.

"Happy!" repeated Gallitzin, with an indescribable intonation; "and yet, God help us to the Tartar of the steppes."

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He thinks he is safe there, for he has recognized his foes busy at the smaller low-flying game, and knows the goshawk can not tower like himself.

But he reckons without his host, as the Tartar chief screams, excitedly, to his falconers:

"Ali, Hafiz, up with the *bryres* quickly! See yonder, a bustard of fifty pounds! Up, I say!"

And then comes a flapping and screaming as the falconers, in great haste, unhook and loosen two magnificent falcons, birds whose frowning black brows and pointed wings proclaim them to be the noble high-flying peregrine falcons, to the deadly fire, and tower over the steppes.

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The people before them were evidently fugitives; for, as they came nearer, it could be seen that both wore the Russian dress, and one was a woman. Muscovites outside the lines meet scant mercy from the Moslem Kirghis.

The two fugitives were crossing the path of the Tartars, and rushing for the coast. It soon became plain that they would be intercepted. Their horses were poor and thin, as if from long travel, both were ridden barebacked, and the Tartars rode three feet to their two. Although they were half a mile off when first seen, it was not five minutes before both were within a hundred yards of the coast, just as the guard-boat luffed up and stood in toward the shore.

And then the male fugitive suddenly turned on the Tartars like a tiger, and drew a heavy saber as he turned. The woman was then several paces in advance, and the man shouted:

"Save yourself, dear lady. I can fight fifty of these. Ride into the sea. The boat will save you."

The lady hesitated a moment, and the Tartar chief, disdaining the man, spurred hard for the more valuable prize.

Then, with a startled scream of terror, away went the lady toward the coast; while Demetri the serf, for he it was, met the chief; and ran the point of his saber through the Tartar's body as he swept past, intent only on the water's edge.

The Tartars were so intent on vengeance as to forget plunder for the time, and they pressed on the unhappy serf with ferocious yells. But Demetri fought with wonderful skill. Had he been better mounted he might even have escaped. As it was, his jaded beast, cut loose from the abandoned sledge at the end of the snow-line, was unable to answer the sudden call on its energies. Cut down by the blow of an ax, it fell to the earth, and there was the strong serf on the ground, dodging the ax-blows, stabbing horses, fighting like ten men, to engage the Tartars and save his beloved mistress, while the latter was already swimming her horse toward the approaching Russian guard-boat.

Then, all on a sudden, the report of a light piece of artillery was heard, and a white cloud shot from the bow of the boat, followed by the humming, whistling whirr of

The czar looked at his son as coldly as if he had been a stone.

"Well, sir, so you have visited all the frontier. Have you any special report to make?"

"My report is here, sire, embodying all the posts." And the Grand Duke pulled a bundle of papers from his belt, which he handed to the emperor. Nicholas threw them on the table and gazed upon his son, in the stern, freezing manner of which he was so proud, and which generally struck awe into every one.

"You have performed your duty quickly, sir. I hope it has been done well. Who is Captain Blank?"

As the czar spoke the last words, he looked at the young heir to the empire keenly and scrutinizingly. Alexander met his gaze as calmly as if the question was a commonplace one. He did not express any surprise, he only said:

"I do not know, sire."

At this juncture Gorloff coughed—very delicately, it is true, but still in a manner expressive of disbelief. The Grand Duke raised his eyes to those of the minister with a certain look in them like his father's, and the General dropped his gaze modestly, while a faint smile played around his mustache.

The emperor turned his head quickly from one to the other, his eyes showing a great deal of the white, and then observed, in a deep, grating tone:

"Have you two gentlemen a secret between you that I can not share? General Gorloff, you asked me to question the czarevitch about this Captain Blank, who lets prisoners escape. I have done so. He says he knows nothing of this fellow. What think you?"

"Do you know any thing of this captain sir?" asked the czar, harshly. "If you do, tell us all at once."

"I know this, sire," said the prince, stiffly; "that several times, when I visited a post, this Captain Blank had visited it before me, and by means of an order which he produced had secured all the advantages which I hoped to have been alone in enjoying. Who and what he is no one knew, save that he bore a marvellous resemblance to myself. He was, the cause of the escape of a prisoner named Anna Bronk, whom, with a serf named Demetri, he met near the border, and allowed to escape into Turkestan. General Grodjin told me this, but we could make no guess at the person. It is for the Minister of Police to do that, sir, is it not?"

Czar Nicholas smiled grimly.

"That is for myself to judge. As for you, I suppose you're longing to behold the faces of your family. Is it not so?"

"It certainly is, sire," said the Grand Duke, quietly.

He had been away from home for a year already, and had not dared to visit his family before reporting to his father and czar.

Then the emperor smiled his own pleasant smile, with his brows knit and his eyes very wide open.

"I think that you have done your work very well, sir; so well that I must employ you forth with on fresh duty. You will be ready to start for the Crimea to-morrow night. Twelve hours is enough for a soldier to enjoy his home, and Russia is a camp among enemies. You have heard, I suppose, that the nephew of the Corsican upstart whom my brother Alexander conquered has declared war against us, with the help of the Infidels and the English."

"I have heard it, sire," said the Grand Duke, simply.

"Their forces are getting ready to descend on Sebastopol," said the czar. "To-morrow night you must be on the road. Visit the fortifications, consult with Colonel Todichen of the Engineers, and return hither in six weeks with a complete report. You fully understand?"

"I do, sire," said Alexander, somewhat stiffly.

"Then here are your orders. Now go home."

And the czar handed him a folded parchment, turned his back on his son and addressed Gorloff.

"General, remember we have not found out this Captain Blank. See to it that he does not play any more tricks on my son, on this trip. I hold you responsible for this good natured imbecile."

The Minister of Police shot a peculiar glance at his master.

"I understand your majesty. This time I defy Captain Blank."

The czarevitch was still waiting, cap in hand.

"What do you wait for, sir?" demanded the emperor, sharply.

"Has your majesty any further commands?" asked Alexander.

"None, do it!" said his polite father, with a sneer.

"Then I wish your majesty a respectful adieu."

And the Grand Duke backed from the room and disappeared.

Nicholas turned to his minister with a laugh, for even he was sometimes jocular, after the manner of a playful tiger.

"Gorloff," he said, "with all your Slavonian craft, you are no match for us Germans.* That fellow has fooled you. He knows who Captain Blank is, and he won't tell. By St. Nicholas, sir, I feel proud of him, for all he is a soft-hearted fool, like the late czar. I know him better than you do. He'll dupe you and laugh at your spies, and Captain Blank will appear again. After all, you're not fit for a Minister of Police. Gorloff, I shall have to send for Gallitzin. He fools you, also."

And the czar rose and stalked to the window, with a great clatter of spur and saber. Gorloff, for the first time in the interview, flushed scarlet. The czar had pierced his professional vanity in the tenderest spot. He did hate and fear the two men named beyond every one in Russia.

The emperor stood at the window and beheld the Grand Duke enter his sleigh and drive away. Just as the horses started, the equipage of Prince Gallitzin came dashing back down the avenue and passed by. As the equipages met, Prince Gallitzin rose to his feet and saluted the czarevitch with a profound bow, a courtesy returned by the other with equal ceremony. Prince Dolgorouki, on the other side of Gallitzin, merely touched his cap in military fashion. Then the czar laughed, sneeringly, and as he did so Gallitzin looked up and saw him. The old prince stiffly replaced his cap, sat down with folded arms and was whirled away.

General Gorloff, trying to swallow his master's sarcasms, was growing calm, when the czar turned to him, with pale face and glittering eyes, saying, in a hissing whisper:

* The reigning family of Russia has made so many German marriages, since Peter's time, as to be at least nineteen-twentieths German.

"Gorloff, I gave you a task. Here's one more. Watch that insolent dog Gallitzin for a traitor. He has publicly saluted the czarevitch, and refused to salute the czar. Find him guilty of treason, and the day you bring the proofs you shall be a prince. Now go. Watch them all, day and night!"

The minister of the police left the palace, trembling with joy.

CHAPTER VII. THE CIRCASSIANS.

The western shore of the Caspian Sea towed abruptly to the skies from the edge of the water, and peaks surmounted peak in the Caucasian range, up to the eternal snows of Mount Elbooz, a hundred miles away, and yet visible beside his brother Kasbek. In a little sheltered bay lay the Russian post of Baku, guarded by palisades and a strong garrison; and toward Baku the Russian guard-boat, which had captured the two fugitives on the further shore, was standing, before a gentle evening breeze, the red glow of the setting sun falling on her white sails.

Baku was the only post for twenty miles, and the mountains between it and the next were still roamed freely by Schamyl's warriors.

On the evening when the guard-boat returned, sharp eyes were watching post and vessel alike, from the heights above the hamlet, and although the mountain was to all appearance still and quiet, several hundred men were concealed in the dark ravines, and horses were standing under the trees nibbling their forage, all saddled and equipped for war.

On the summit of a rock, gazing keenly down at the distant boat, stood a stern, handsome fellow of singular grace of figure, whose picturesque costume reminded one of a Crusader, had not the long, curiously ornamented gun he carried dispelled the illusion. He was a Circassian warrior, of that glorious type which has given the name Caucasian to a whole race; and he was a noble specimen of his race—clad countrymen.

A second man, in sheep-skin cap and capote, lay on the ground beside him, peering over the edge of the precipice at a party of Cossacks riding through the pass below to Baku.

"Shaffir Allah! (God is mighty) Hafiz," said the man on the ground to the standing one; "how I should like to try one shot at the Christian dogs yonder! I could take off their leader so easily. Shall I do it?"

The outpost frowned.

"Not for your life, fool. The prophet does not war on single men. Such a shot would warn them who is here, that they might keep double watch to-night. Let them pass. Tonight they will be drunk, and keep slack ward. Yonder boat's coming back means something to the infidel dogs. They are always drunk then."

Czar Nicholas smiled grimly.

"That is for myself to judge. As for you, I suppose you're longing to behold the faces of your family. Is it not so?"

"It certainly is, sire," said the Grand Duke, quietly.

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(To be continued—commenced in No. 102.)

A DAY-DREAM.

BY MAP HAZARD.

My temples are fanned by the breezes cool,
With a soft, sweet, scented-breeze, so cool,
As I sit at length near the babbling brook,
Whose music pervades the sequestered nook,
And dream sweet dreams of Aldean,
I lie and dream of days long gone,
When my soul in a first love revolved;
And my thoughts go back to a maiden fair,
With a crown of golden hair,
On a neck of sunburned gold,
Oh, what so bright as her sparkling eyes!
Like light on the waters glancing,
Was the light on the flash beneath the blue-veined lid,
Which now revealed, and now half hid,
The merriment in them dancing,
And the soft as her velvet cheek,
With the tint of a rose glowing;
And her voice, so sweet as my lover's bell,
In varying cadence rose and fell,
Like liquid music flowing.
And what so pure as her bosom fair,
With its virgin charms soft swelling,
With its soft, sweet, scented-breeze, so cool,
Such as might spring in the holiest,
Of an angel, found a dwelling.

What so light as her bounding step,
As she pressed, for a moment fleeting,
And bnt, as the wind, the grass of the mead,
With rose again from her fairy tread,
As the sun rose again from the horizon.
The blossoms red, the violets blue,
The star, the blush-rose and lily,
As symbols meager to make compare
Of the matchless charms of my lady fair.
Must serve, though they do it but ill.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TILDA FORSYTH.

MATILDA FORSYTH, or 'Tilda, as she was more generally termed, was not what might be called a handsome girl. She was tall in stature, lean in flesh, with coarse brown hair, green-gray eyes, and a sallow complexion.

Not a very striking picture did she present as she stood in the center of the road, a hundred feet or so from the log-cabin—her home—with the last rays of the afternoon sun shining down upon her uncovered head, arrayed in a faded calico gown, and anxiously looking up and down in search of the one solitary cow that the Forsyth family claimed as its own.

But "Brindle" was no where to be seen, and did not deign to come to the repeated calls made by the girl in her shrill, harsh voice.

"Brindle—you Brindle, whar air you?"

Just as she was meditating whether she should go up or down the narrow road, in search of the literary source of supply for the evening meal, she heard a crashing noise coming from the "bush" on the right hand of the road, about a hundred yards from her, as if some heavy body was forcing its way through the bramble and undergrowth.

Never doubting for an instant that it was the missing beast, 'Tilda renewed her enticings cry:

"Oh, Brindle! you Brindle!"

Then out into the road came, not the cow, Brindle, but the outlaw, Yell Ozark, armed to the teeth, as usual, and bearing the trusty shotgun in his hand.

The look upon the face of the girl expressed any thing but pleasure at sight of the man, but she did not show any signs of fear; she only set her lips firmly together for a second, then drew a long breath and waited for him to approach.

Ozark came along in his usual shambling way. He was decidedly more used to the back of a horse than to trust his own legs for locomotion, except when crossing the deep swamps.

"Is you lookin' fur your cow, 'Tilda?" he asked.

"Yes," the girl answered, coldly.

"I seed the beast an hour or so ago down by the cane-brake," he said. "She'll start fur home jes' as soon as the sun's down. I say, 'Tilda, I'll be dog-gone if you ain't lookin' as handsome as a three-year-old colt jes' turned out into the prairie. 'Feeelin' pooty well?"

"Yes," replied the girl, sharply, latent hostility in her voice and manner.

"See hyer!" exclaimed the outlaw, after studying the matter over in his mind for a moment. "I reckon that you ain't right glad fur to see me."

"Well, I reckon I ain't," replied the girl, definitely.

Ozark was a little staggered by this abrupt declaration.

"What's the matter with ye, 'Tilda?" he asked, coaxingly. "What fuss hev you got with me? Look a-hyer, gal, I'se allers been a friend of yours."

"Small thanks to you," retorted 'Tilda, disdainfully; "you better take your friendship whar somebody wants it; this chile don't."

The outlaw was extremely perplexed. Shifting the shot-gun to the hollow of the left arm, he caressed his chin thoughtfully with his hand.

The girl's temper was evidently roused; a little red spot was burning in either cheek, and an ugly look in her eyes.

"Now, see hyer, 'Tilda: this is rough, this is going back on a friend in this hyer way," said Ozark, appealingly. "What's the fuss? I ain't got any thing ag'in' you."

"I don't want you to come round me at all!" the girl exclaimed, sharply. "I tol' you so the last time I saw you; I want you to keep away an' let me alone."

"'Tilda, I jes' thinks a heap of you," the outlaw replied, impressively. "I think a heap more of you, 'Tilda, than I do of any other gal that treads in shoe-leather in this hull State of Arkansas."

dainty features of her queenly little face, with apparently the same interest that he would have looked upon a beautiful horse—cold-blooded fellow that he seemed to be.

Missouri hesitated irresolutely in the doorway for a moment, and then, as if seeming to make up her mind suddenly, stepped out on the piazza, and leaning on the railing, addressed the man, three steps below:

"Mr. Texas, will you give me a little advice?" she asked, abruptly, her voice low but firm.

The overseer was considerably astonished at this question. For about the first time since Missouri had known him he betrayed traces of embarrassment.

"Of course, Miss, I shall be most happy to do so, if I can," he replied, earnestly.

"You are the only one that I can ask, and I am about to speak to you as if you were my brother."

"And I'll try, Miss, to give you a brother's advice!" Texas exclaimed, abruptly, and he advanced one step up nearer to the girl.

The color in Missouri's face heightened just a little, at the movement, but she stuck resolutely to her position.

"I should perhaps not have dared to have spoken to you but that I know father has told you all about it. I overheard the conversation between you and father last night on the piazza. I could not help hearing it, for my room is right overhead, and I was sitting at the window when he began, and father always speaks so loud. I suppose he got into that habit in the army. Now, Mr. Texas, I haven't the one else to advise me, so I ask you. Father said to do just as I liked; he would not advise me either one way or the other. I must make my own choice."

The overseer seemed puzzled. Leaning on the railing of the steps, he caressed his chin with his hand in a manner which plainly indicated that he was in deep thought, while Missouri watched him with an eager, earnest gaze, and every now and then the soft, red lips of the girl would be compressed firmly together, and a determined light would shine in the clear, black eyes.

"Well, Miss, I really don't know as I am quite the proper sort of person to advise you in such a matter as this," the man finally answered. "Mr. Fayette I have never met, personally, but from what I have heard of him I should judge that he'd make a pretty good match for almost any young lady. I've heard it said that he is one of the rising men of the State, and as he has both ability and money to back it, there's nothing how high he may climb before he gets through."

A look of impatience mingled with vexation passed swiftly across the maiden's face.

"You think that it is a good match?" she asked, in a quite a sorrowful tone.

Texas just looked a little astonished at the manner in which the question had been put, but gravely proceeded to answer it.

"Yes, Miss, it's my honest opinion that it is."

"Then it doesn't make any difference whether I care any thing about him or not?" demanded the girl, impetuously, her eyes flashing and her lips trembling. "I must sell myself to him because he has money and I am poor—worse than poor—a beggar, by father's account. I must marry a man that I know I don't love."

"You didn't say any thing about that," the overseer retorted, bluntly. "You asked me if I thought that it was good match?"

"And you do not think I ought to marry him unless I love him?" the girl said, slowly.

"Of course I don't!" Texas replied, promptly; "a marriage without love is but an earthly contract, and can never receive Heaven's sanction."

The girl opened her eyes widely at this speech. She had never heard the overseer express himself in such a manner before.

"I suppose that father will have to give up the plantation, though," she said, reflectively, "and then you will lose your situation." And, as she spoke, she shot a quick glance under her long, dark eyelashes at the face before her.

"I reckon that if the General makes up his mind to emigrate, he'll give me a chance to go along with him, Miss," the overseer said, cheerfully. "Ishan't quarrel about the wages, and with a fresh start on new ground, 'tis to one that your father will be able to hold his own with the world. I wish I had a few thousand dollars!" Texas said this quite abruptly, and he advanced another step, so near to Missouri that her dress touched his knee.

A short, quick breath came from the parted lips of the girl, so hardly drawn that it seemed almost like a sigh; the long lashes came down over the brilliant black eyes, and it was a minute or so before she spoke.

"What would you do with the money?" she asked, slowly.

"Speculate on it," he replied, tersely.

The long lashes came up quick, and the big eyes of Missouri were opened to their fullest extent. That the girl was both surprised and disappointed was plainly evident in her face.

"Speculate—how?" she asked.

"Lend it to your father—without conditions, and depend upon gratitude to give me the treasure which money should not buy."

Missouri's face grew red as fire; then, with a great effort, she looked the overseer full in the face; the full, black eyes were now soft and lustrous in their light.

"I am glad you haven't got a thousand dollars," she said, slowly, "even though it might save the plantation; but—"

"But what?" asked Texas, quite eagerly, taking her little right hand between his own brown paws as he spoke.

"I do not think I could like the man who only lends my father money half as well as the one who saved my life," the girl replied, with a charming smile.

"Dinner, Missy!" exclaimed Butterfly, from the house-door, interrupting the conversation.

But, enough had been said; eyes had spoken if lips had not, and two very happy people sat down to dinner under General Smith's roof, that day.

What was money weighed 'gainst love in a young girl's mind?

(To be continued—continued in No. 181.)

Out of Gotham.

BY CORA CHESTER.

"Oh, I would be a daisy, if I might be a flower,"

sung little Prue Alden, in a shrill, pitifully-sweet voice, as she bent over some pale, dry blossoms in her window, and gasped for breath in the close, sultry room.

The music died away, wafted out of the attic and called forth an answering note from a swallow under the eaves, and the poor little songstress herself stopped the busy wheel of the sewing machine, pressed one thin hand to her heart and wiped away a few troublesome drops from two hazel eyes.

Such pretty eyes as they were, too, with the light of faith and hope still in their bright depths as if the soul behind those windows was nearly ready to break its distressful union with its partner of clay, the body.

Not but what Prue Alden's body was a very entrancing bit of clay. Half a dozen poor clerks, boarding on the floor beneath, could have told you that; for many were their praises of the little angel up-stairs, her fair face, gazer eyes and tiny feet. They never forgot those last, for Prue, innocent of coquetry as she was, had a very cunning way of lifting her black dress until the tips of those shabby little boots would come click, click, stairs, and then die away in her box of a room, unconscious of a dozen eager eyes watching their progress.

Now how came Prue Alden, beauty and quondam heiress, in such a plight? It was the old, old story of swift disaster following close upon the heels of affluence. Prue's father, grandfather and great-grandfather had lived for self alone; had gloried in brown-stone palaces, fast horses, old wines and fair women. The god of this life, Mammon, had blinded their better vision, and was the one pure lamb of the flock to reap the bitter consequences of their folly?

It would seem so, for Prue Alden found herself alone on her sixteenth birthday, poor, helpless as an infant, and worse than all, beautiful as an angel. Her parents, such as they were, had left their helpless little one (their greatest pride during their lifetime) had been their child's ignorance and incapacity) to cope with a vile world alone. Dissolute father and fashionable mother would be in part responsible for this baby soul. Whither would it drift, and would her innocence and purity protect her or make her an easy prey to those who go about seeking whom they may destroy?

No friends came near her in her adversity. Fashionable school-girls, her late friends, turned up *retrograde* noses a trifle higher and wondered, in a vague sort of way, "what Prue Alden was going to do with herself?" Relatives on this side of the world she had none; she had no home was sold, and she found herself under the care of her late housekeeper, as a dependent in the house of her father's servant.

The position grew more and more galling to this slight girl, the sole inheritor of the Alden pride, and one day she left quite unceremoniously and took up her quarters in a strange boarding-house, a trifle nearer down-town, and a short distance from her late home.

There are all grades of boarding-houses in Gotham, and poor little Prue went slowly down the ladder as her purse daily grew thinner and thinner.

She began to turn her dresses, think twice of riding in a horse-car, and became dangerously familiar with all the disgusting sights and smells that haunt the streets of lower New York.

Her employment at present is something new to her, and she works away all the busy noon, never stopping for rest or food, for how can she afford either?

The sewing machine goes click, click, picks up skirt and waist of the linen suit she has been making, ties a shabby hat under her chin, and wends her way through by-streets into the more decent quarters of Canal street.

Prue wonders, as she enters a large establishment, what her day's hard work will bring, and counts up the necessities she will buy with the coming money. She takes her place among a mass of females, all uglier, older and thinner than herself, and waits her turn to be paid. Her heart sinks as she watches the sharp-eyed gentleman (?) over the counter pull apart, toss pieces back in their baskets, and point out defective work. One poor woman takes back to her fireless room her hard day's work with only a sharp reproof and no pay for her labor. Then Prue's turn comes.

"New hand, eh?" inquired the black-eyed Adonis behind the counter, with an insulting leer. "And a very pretty one it is, too. Now, her and send her to bed if I was her mother, and not let her be gallivanting home from singing-school with every young fellow in town."

Prue blushed scarlet and drew her veil over her red cheeks, only making eyes, complexion and wavy golden hair more dazzling behind gaunt lace.

"What are your prices, sir?" inquired our heroine, in a weak, trembling voice which stuck in her throat.

"Waist badly made" said the man, eying the neat seams critically (falsifying and lying were necessities of his trade). "Skirt will do. Let me see; waist one ruffle—skirt one flounce. Well, Miss, seeing you're young and pretty, we'll say thirty cents."

"Thirty cents!" gasped Prue, with difficulty restraining her sobs; "thirty cents for making a whale-linen suit?"

"Certainly, and good pay, too. Well, well, make room for those others; if the prices don't suit, you needn't take any more."

"What would you do with the money?" she asked, slowly.

"Speculate on it," he replied, tersely.

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(To be continued—continued in No. 181.)

of work under his arm, begged leave to see her home.

Prue stopped agast at the audacity of the man. What, a low, vulgar wretch dare to address her in this style?

"Oh, to be a man, that she might knock him down! But, alas! she was nothing but a poor, friendless girl, so she could only clench her nails into her pink palms with fruitless rage.

"No, sir; I wish no company. You have already detained me till after dark. I am going at once and alone!"

He grinned from ear to ear. It was so amusing to witness her pretty rage. What could she do, he reflected, a young, pretty girl, if he chose to pursue the chase?

Nothing; women were always offish and wanted to be coaxed.

"Oh, but my dear little pretty, I wouldn't think of letting you go alone this time of night. Come, take my arm, and there's no need of your wanting a beau of nights. I'll see you home and be only too happy, I'm sure."

Prue measured the distance to the door and ran for it, flew down the long stairs, out into the starry night, and drew a breath of relief as she met a policeman on his round of duty. Poor child, she still cherished a deep awe and respect for these stern guardians of the law in her foolish little heart.

On she ran from street to street, always hearing footsteps behind her, till she reached the door of her miserable home, then a single glance over her shoulder discovered to her the disagreeable fact that a short, fussy man, in soiled white clothes and tall hat had stopped on the corner and was eying the house with his black eyes.

Prue never entered that establishment again, but in her walks to and from her work, she often met her odious admirer, and several times spoke to her.

One sultry July day, when everything was literally baking in the streets, and Prue staggered along nearly exhausted with the heat, she came face to face with her *betet noir*. The noon-day bells of the city were clangorously in her ears and a feeling of faintness, dangerously familiar of death, caused her to clasp both hands to her head with a sudden dread of coming disaster. She never distinctly remembered what followed.

Two country horses, maddened with strange sights and sounds, were coming toward her with terrific speed. In the wagon, swinging from side to side, sat a fat old lady wildly waving a blue cotton umbrella, and screaming at the top of her remarkable voice. Beside her stood a young man, with Herculean arms pulsing with mad force at the reins, and veins standing out like cords in his efforts to stop the horses.

Prue felt an awful sensation of a fall and crashing wheels, then amid the yells of a crowd, with the hot breath of a black-eyed man upon her fair face, and an overpowering feeling of dread and terror. Unconsciousness, the twin brother of Death, drew near, mercifully closing her eyes.

"Seems to me, Ebenezer, them beans had best be in market to-day. Deacon Vanderwhackeres' people druv' down a hull hour 'fore sunrise, and here 'is nigh onto nine o'clock. Well, well, young people hain't as they used to be when I was a gal. Why, many is the time I milked ten cows 'fore sunrise, and done a week's baking 'fore seven in the morning. Come, go ketch the horses, and I'll harness up right off. Let's see—I want a paper of pins and half a yard of that calico the Coones' bought last week, and Mirandy wanted me to buy her a pair of gums. What airs that gal does put on, though, since she came from York. I remember when she'd go barefoot, the year round, and now, forsooth she's afraid of the night-dews. Night fiddlesticks! I'd spank her and send her to bed if I was her mother, and not let her be gallivanting home from singing-school with every young fellow in town."

Prue was a temporary home, though, and as such she would accept it, but the thought of her rich relative was not a pleasing one, so she put the letter in her pocket merely saying to answer to Eben's questioning glance:

"A foolish school-girl letter from a cousin of mine, wishing me to return to New York." Then she opened her book again as if nothing had happened.

"Prue, read to me a little from your favorite. Let me see; here is 'Locksley Hall.' Read, while I lean back here and enjoy it."

"Oh," laughed Prue, "I have no patience with that rating woman-hater, or with weak, silly little 'Amy' either. The idea of being worried into marrying a low brute. I have no sympathy with weak-minded women. We must look up to a man in every sense of the word. It's a woman's nature!"

The trouble deepened in Eben's eyes, and taking the book from Prue's hand, he read, half-aloud:

"Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day.

What is the within thee growing coarse to sympathize with thy.

"As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated with a close. And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down."

"That is what the world will say of us, Prue. Oh, darling, I can not let you go. I love you, uncouth as I know I am, but I will struggle to become what you'd like to have me, if you will only give me one word of hope."

She felt his eager eyes searching her face, and like a dream floated before her a picture of the future as Blanche Alden had painted it. She saw herself "in gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls," courted by all, and followed as only a beauty and belle can be. The tempter brought back from her girlish life the gaveties and pleasures where she had ruled, "Queen rose in the rose-bud garden of girls," and whispered:

"All these can again be yours. Go back, accept your rightful place in the world of fashion, and become what your mother was before you, the admired, loved leader of society."

Eben's voice died away and Prue lived again in the past. She danced through perfumed halls, filled with fair ladies and brave men, and heard sweet flattery, alas, so dangerously sweet to frail woman, whispered in her willing ear.

She had almost turned away from her better angel when a shrill, loved old voice sung from the kitchen a familiar hymn they had heard at camp-meeting only a few days before:

"Yain, deliv'ry world, adien.
With all of creature good:
Only Jesus I parse,
Who bought me with his blood:
All thy p'r'le sins—
I pay you on thy wealth and pride
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified."

What was this world for which she would barter her life's happiness?

Here was an honest love that

THE MESSAGE-BIRD.

BY FRANK M. IMBIE.

The radiant white-winged message-bird
Taps softly at Memory's door
Frighstened with thoughts heart gathered
From Time's well-beaten shore.
It sailed in sun-drawn argosies,
Where goldened sunbeams creep
In burnished waves, o'er far-off graves,
The spot where our loved ones sleep.
Whose song is like an emerald slope?
Where wild birds seek their home;
Amidst the sides of the green world,
Where evening songsters roan:
Where marble gleans through restless boughs,
And zephyrs moan and weep.
Their plaintive lays, 'neath Luna's rays,
O'er the spot where our loved ones sleep.
Saxons bolds sing in Memry's court—
The burdened poet sings,
But with thy coming, sweet thought-bird
Rare pearls of comfort showers.
There's bright light in the shadow-vale,
The pardoned no more weep;
The mystic veil was rent in twain
O'er graves where our loved ones sleep.
Their souls now seek the worshipers
Leaves beyond the skies;
And priceless pearls thee gather from
The shores of Paradise.
Oh, linger near, sweet bird of thought
When bidding earth farewell,
We'll wander through the ether blue
To homes where our loved ones dwell!

Managing a Widower.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

TIME: half-past four o'clock of a charming September afternoon, in the year of grace 1870.

Place: a clematis-shaded side veranda.

Drama personae: Olla Livingston, a radiant little blonde, whose witching eyes were overflowing with mischief; Lilius Silverton, a fair, hazel-eyed girl, with the grace of a sylph, and the air of a queen; a young lady fresh from New York only a month before, who was visiting at the Livingstons and who had played sad havoc among the hearts to let, in and around the village.

"So you can't decide between my handsome brother Lu and Mr. Cornwall, Lilius? You had better put on your thinking-cap and make up your mind at once. There are advantages on both sides, you know; one, that of being mistress of Mr. Cornwall's elegant mansion on the hill; the other, of having me for your sister-in-law."

Olla drew down her saucy lips demurely, her black eyes sparkling as she watched the rich blushes surging under Lilius' fair skin.

"Lu's a darlin', I tell you, Lilius; only he's poor, you know; besides, I rather think—There comes Mr. Cornwall—mercy, Lil, is my hair coming down?"

And before the answer came, a gentleman came up to them, admiration plainly depicted in his eyes, as he took in all the beauty of the scene, in which Lilius Silverton was the center.

A good-sized, finely-built man, perhaps thirty-five or forty years of age; with a mild, pleasant face, framed in with curling hair of chestnut, that had grown rather thin. He always dressed very nicely; drove a splendid team, and was generally considered a "great catch."

His wife had been dead seven years, when Lilius Silverton came to Cornwallville; the natives called it "Cornellville;" and when the hitherto indifferent widow began paying unmistakable attention to the fair stranger, speculation ran riot; buxom village maids grew jealous till they were green; and their butter-making mammas declared Miss Silverton "a painted minx;" so that between the flirtation going briskly on between Lu Livingston and Lilius, and Mr. Cornwall's evident intention of "cutting Lu out," there was enough excitement abroad in the village to keep it awake.

But Mr. Wilfred Cornwall had his secret uneasiness; for those seven years of widowhood he had had it; and now that he had dared come forward and pay his addresses to pretty Lilius, he was every moment fighting to conquer what would not be conquered.

And this was his secret fear.

He had been blessed (?) with a wife who had been the ruling spirit in the mansion on the hill; she had carried her scepter in high-handed consciousness of her inestimable worth, and, to her honor be it chronicled, never was house better governed, or garden better ordered than hers. She had loved her husband after her selfish way, and the selfishness and tyranny she exercised while living, and that her husband at first did not combat, and then dared not, proved her ruling passion strong in death. On her death-bed, she had solemnly adjured him never to marry again; threatening awful visitation if he did, and declaring that no other woman should come in and enjoy what she had helped to earn and save.

And Wilfred Cornwall, whose grief was not feigned, whose fear was as genuine, promised, and Mara Cornwall died.

For seven years he had been held in a bondage that most men would have scorned; then, when he saw fair, lovely Lilius Silverton, his dread succumbed to his newly-born admiration, and in spite of the secret uneasiness he went on and on; and Lu Livingston went on and on, his heart set on Lilius Silverton, his whole intention to get the inside track at all hazards.

And pretty Lilius? Lu's handsome face and courtly air made her heart thrill; while her ambition was fired to attain to the position of the mistress of "Hill-Nest."

The library at "Hill Nest" was not yet lighted, for the long June day, though past the sunset, left a bright radiance that was delightful away up on the heights.

Mr. Cornwall had just come home from a call on Lilius, his mind made up to marry her, if she would have him, despite the superstition that had grown with seven years' sun and showers. He was quite confident she would not reject him, for that very afternoon, when Olla and Lu had left them alone for an hour, and he had asked her what her taste would be in furnishing a large square room, like the best parlor at "Hill Nest," she had blushed so prettily and told him.

He sat leaning back in a large stuffed green rep chair, the dust growing dusky, thinking about Lilius and imagining her stealing softly in and laying her little hand on his head; then, of a sudden, cold, clammy sweat broke out all over him, for he saw between him and the window—well, what? A female figure, wild and wan, with outstretched arms, as if uttering some silent imprecation on his head; not the ghost of his indignant Mara, certainly, for this object wore a long, dismal cloak and horrible black gloves; its hair was flowing in fierce disorder; and yet, despite these human appointments Mr. Cornwall certainly smelt brimstone, or grave mold; in his terror he did not know which, or he certainly would not, even to himself, have admitted the possibility of his wife coming from a place where such a scion as brimstone is supposed to exist.

At any rate he caught a glimpse of a hollow face, glowing eyes, and a horrible mouth—and then he buried his face in the back of the chair.

"Wilfred Cornwall," it said, in a strange, far-off voice, that made his very feet grow icy cold, "I am come from your wife, whom you promised never again to marry. She bids me remind you of your vow. If you keep to your word all will be well; if not—beware!"

There was a rushing sound, a fresh smell of brimstone, and then Wilfred found himself alone again.

Alas for Lilius Silverton and any possible hopes of "Hill's Nest!" For Mr. Cornwall wrote her a note inside of five minutes bidding her adieu, telling her he would start, very unexpectedly, for Europe.

Lilius read her note with a little blush of wrath, and a curl of her pretty lips that did not indicate a broken heart; and Lu Livingston watched her across the room with a peculiar roguishness in his eyes.

"What is it, Lil? an offer of heart and hand from Mr. Cornwall? Shall I congratulate you?"

He came carelessly over to the sofa where she was sitting.

"As if I'd marry Mr. Cornwall! Lu, when are you going to stop teasing me about him?"

"When I am sure you are going to have him. If I thought you loved him, Lilius, never again would you hear a word from me."

His voice grew more serious, and Lilius twisted the note around her fingers.

"Then you will have a right to tease me forever, Lu, for I never shall love him."

"I wish I had the right to do something else than tease you, Lilius. Will you give it to me? the right to love you forever, my darling?"

Then Benton joined the other two on the outside of the cabin, closing the door carefully behind him.

"Well, the game is afoot," said Bob, with a chuckle.

"Yes," replied Murdock, a grim smile of satisfaction upon his sallow face. "Now you two keep watch here and be sure that the girl does not escape. I will return to the station.

The little ravine looked bright and beautiful; the rays of the fast-dying sun glinted down, gayly through the tree-tops, and played in beams of lambent light upon the pale face, whose open eyes glared, as if in mockery, on all around.

The rocky glade was as fair to look upon with the dreadful evidence of man's crime lying in its center, as when, but a short hour before, its leafy branches had formed a living frame to a picture of true love.

A huge black crow flying high and lazily in the air caught sight of the white face that so steadily stared with its stony and fixed eyes at the sky.

The bird of evil omen swooped round in circling flight above the motionless figure.

Each circle was smaller than the previous one, each second brought the bird nearer and nearer to its destined prey.

Still stared the eyes upward—still on the white face played the flickering sunbeams.

With a downward swoop the carrion-bird alighted on the breast of the stricken man.

The blood that stained the hunting-shirt of the silent figure crimsoned the talons of the disgusting bird.

With a hoarse note the crow flapped its sabre wings as if in gloating triumph over the sky.

One short minute more and the great eyes would stare no more at the sky above. The beak of the carrion crow would be scarlet with human gore.

But ere ten seconds of that minute passed away, a slight rustle came from the tangled thicket that fringed the ravine.

The crow, with a hoarse note of anger, spread its wings, and cheated of its prey—cheated of the great eyes and the banquet of blood—soared lazily upward.

Then, from the thicket with stealthy tread came a gaunt wolf.

A moment the beast stood upon the edge of the ravine. Then it scented the blood that had trickled from the breast of the man who lay motionless upon the rocks.

With noiseless steps the gaunt beast came toward him. It halted by the side of the motionless figure.

The fierce eyes of the wolf peered into the face of the human, and the huge jaws opened and shut with an ominous clash.

Then from the tree-top the carrion bird stooped again to earth.



Alarmed for the moment by the flap of the crow's wings, the wolf displayed its white tusks in anger.

RED ARROW,
THE WOLF DEMON;

The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOY," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPHA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE CABIN IN THE FOREST.

ONE of the white red-skins—for the two who had seized Virginia were the dark-skinned stranger, Benton, and the tool of Murdock, Bob Tierson, painted and disguised as Indians—tied a handkerchief, tightly, over the eyes of the senseless girl, completely blindfolding her.

When this had been accomplished, Murdock came from his covert in the bushes, and approached the two.

The blackened muzzle of Murdock's rifle told plainly that it was he who had fired the shot which had stricken the young stranger, Harvey Winthrop, to the earth, even while the kisses of the girl he loved were fresh upon his lips.

"The girl has fainted," said Benton, who supported the light form of the hapless Virginia in his arms.

"So much the better!" exclaimed Murdock; "it aids our purpose. We must convey her at once to the lonely cabin of the Kanawha."

"And this critter?" said Bob, kicking the motionless form of Winthrop, with his foot, carelessly, as he spoke.

"Is he dead?" asked Murdock.

Bob knelt down by the side of the young man.

"Yes, he's gone dead," replied the borderer, after a slight examination.

"I did not think it likely that he lived," said Murdock, with a grim smile. "I seldom have to fire twice."

"Well, you've settled him, for sure," observed Bob, with a grim.

"Leave him alone then; the crows and wolves will finish him before the morrow," said Murdock.

"We ought to have known better than to fool round this piece of calico," observed Bob, with another grim.

"He won't be apt to do it again."

"No, dog my cats, if he will!" cried Bob, expressively.

"Can you carry the girl, Benton?" asked Murdock.

"Yes, easily," replied the one addressed, raising the motionless form of the young girl in his arms, apparently without an effort.

"Let us be going then. If we can reach the

absence will be discovered before long and search will probably be made. If they discover the body of the stranger, this Winthrop, in the ravine, which they will be sure to do if any saw them leave the settlement together, which is probable, it will lead all to suspect that the man was murdered by some strolling red-skins and the girl carried off by them."

"But may they not trace us?" asked Benton, shrewdly. "There are keen scouts in the station. If they once strike our trail, they'll be apt to run us to earth."

"There is little danger of that," replied Murdock. "After we left the ravine we struck the regular trail leading up the river. There are many fresh footprints on the trail; it will be difficult for even the best Indian scout on the border to pick out the marks left by us from the others. Besides, crossing the river would be apt to throw the keenest trailer off the scent. I do not think that any one will discover or even suspect our agency in the girl's disappearance."

"Tain't likely," observed Bob.

"No, I think that you are right, and that you will succeed in your plan regarding the girl," said Benton. There was a strange sound in the voice of the man as he uttered the simple sentence, and a peculiar expression in his dark, snake-like eyes. Murdock did not notice the strangeness of the tone nor the look.

"I can not fail," said Murdock, decidedly.

"You will need food for the girl. Here in the hollow of this tree, and Murdock led the way to a small white oak, some dozen paces from where they stood, "is some dried deer-meat. I think I shall rescue the girl to-morrow," and Murdock laughed slightly, at the idea, as he spoke. "There is a small hole under the logs in the back of the cabin, by which I can creep in and appear to the girl in my new character of a saving angel, periling all to rescue her from the hands of the red-skins."

"Yes, but she may not discover this hole and escape through it?" asked Benton.

"No, a heavy log on the outside, that can not be stirred from the inside of the cabin, prevents that."

"To-morrow, then, you'll return?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

Then Murdock left the twain to watch the cabin and the prisoner, and plunging into the forest took his way back to Point Pleasant.

And in his heart, as he walked along, he gloated over the success of the plan that had struck a hated rival from his path and given entirely into his power the girl whose fortune he craved.

We will now return to the little ravine

wherein, stark and ghastly, lay the form of the young stranger, Harvey Winthrop; the man

who had left home and friends to carve out a

future by the banks of the Ohio, and who had fallen by the ball of the assassin, without even

a chance to struggle for his life.

Alarmed for the moment by the flap of the wings, the wolf lifted its huge jowl and displayed its white tusks in anger. The prowling beast was willing to fight for the human banquet.

But the carrion-crow and the huge gray wolf were comrades of old in the great green wood, and many a banquet had they shared together.

The crow opened its beak and the wolf licked its jaws as they stood by the side of the fallen man.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SURPRISE.

BOONE, concealed in the bushes behind the fallen tree, on which sat the Indian girl and the red warrior, cursed the unlucky star that led the twain to select the place of his concealment for a stolen interview.

The scout hardly dared to breathe lest he should betray his presence to the two.

They, however, looking with eyes full of love upon each other, thought only of the happiness that they enjoyed when thus together.

The girl was the daughter of the great chief, Ke-he-ha-ha; her lover was a young brave known as the "White Dog." A warrior young in years, but who had already distinguished himself on the war-path against the foes of the great Shawnee nation.

The children of the wilderness, wrapped in the joy of the stolen meeting, had little thought of aught else, and never for moment suspected that within arm's length, a listener to their conversation, lay the great ranger and scout, Daniel Boone—the man whose death-dealing rifle was destined to tumble many a plumed and warrior to the earth.

The scout, who fully realized the danger of his position, could see no possible way to escape. He knew full

Dog, but the Indian girl perceived her lover's peril, and sprung to his aid, grasping the hand of the scout just as he was about to plunge the knife in the red-man's breast.

The red chief, taking advantage of the girl's aid, twisted his leg around that of the scout, bore Boone backward to the earth, upon which the combatants fell, with a heavy shock. A second more, and the Shawnee warriors surrounded the contending men.

With many a cry of triumph; they bound the daring pale-face who had lurked so near to the Shawnee village.

CHAPTER XII.

KENTON SEES THE WOLF DEMON.

After having secured with tough thongs of deer-skin, the stalwart limbs of their prisoner, they bore him forward to where the fire burned in their village.

All the inhabitants, attracted by the noise of the capture, had left their lodges and now pressed forward to look upon the prisoner.

Great was the astonishment of the Shawnees when the flickering light of the flames falling upon their captive, revealed to them the well-known face of Daniel Boone, the great scout of the border.

A howl of delight resounded through the Indian village at this discovery. The red-skins had no foe whom they dreaded more than the man they now held, bound and helpless, a prisoner in their midst.

A grim smile was upon the features of Ke-ne-ha-ha, the Shawnee chief, as he looked upon the face of the man who had so often escaped him on the war-path.

"The white-skin is no longer an eagle, but a fox; he creeps into the shadow of the Shawnee village, to use his ears," said the chief, mockingly.

"The Shawnees have already had proof that I can use my hands," replied the scout, netted by the words as well as the tone of the savage.

"A chief that is not fox as well as eagle, is not worthy to go upon the war-path." His scalp should be taken by squaws."

The Indians could not dispute the words of Boone.

"What seeks the white chief in the village of the Shawnees?" asked Ke-ne-ha-ha.

"Guess, and maybe you'll find out," replied the captive, coolly.

"The white-skin comes as a spy—a fox into the village of the Shawnee," said the Indian.

"When did any of your nation, chief, ever come except as a spy or a fox to the houses of the whites?" asked Boone.

"Ugh! the white-skin has stolen the land of the red-man. Cheated him with lies. Ke-ne-ha-ha is a great warrior—he will take the scalps of the long-knives and burn their wigwams," said the Indian, proudly.

"You'll have to fight some before you accomplish that, Injin, I reckon," replied Boone, whose coolness and courage astonished the red warriors.

"The white-skin shall die!" said the chief, fiercely.

"I reckon we've all got to die, sometime, Injin," answered Boone, not in the least terrified by the threat.

"Let my warriors take the prisoner to the wigwam of Ke-ne-ha-ha," said the chief.

The order was instantly obeyed. The prisoner was carried to the wigwam—one of the largest in the village. In the center of the lodge a little fire was burning.

The scout was laid upon a little couch of skins within this lodge; then, in obedience to an order from the great chief, the Indians withdrew and left the captive alone with Ke-ne-ha-ha.

The chief's wigwam stood only a few paces from the bank of the Scioto, that stream running close behind the Indian lodge.

After the Indians had placed the helpless prisoner within the lodge, they returned again to their scalp-dance around the fire, excepting a few warriors, who under the leadership of the White Dog—who had suddenly found himself famous by his capture of the great scout—made a circuit of the forest surrounding the Shawnee village to discover if there were any more white foes lurking within the wood.

The search was fruitless. No trace could they find of the presence of a white-skin; and so, finally, they came to the conclusion that the daring ranger was alone. The Indians then returned to the village.

The escape of Kenton from the search of the Indians is easily explained. He had approached the village on the west, and, skillfully taking advantage of the cover afforded by the bushes, had, like Boone, reached the edge of the timber. From his position he commanded a view of the village, and from his concealment beheld the capture of his friend. Guessing shrewdly that the presence of one white man might lead them to suspect that there were others in the neighborhood, he determined to withdraw from his dangerous position. He had seen no sign of Lark since he had parted with him at the hollow oak, and he came to the conclusion that Lark had not yet reached the village.

Kenton retreated from his exposed position. Slowly making his way through the wood, his eyes fell upon a large oak tree. The thought suggested itself to him that in the branches of the oak, he might find shelter.

So up into the tree he mounted. Once more in his hiding-place, veiled in as he was by the leafy branches, he felt that he could bid defiance to any search that the Indians might make.

Hardly had Kenton adjusted himself comfortably in the tree, when he heard a slight rustling in the bushes to the right of the oak. The keen ear of the alert scout instantly knew that some one was moving cautiously through the thicket. The sound came from the direction of the village.

Kenton thought that, possibly, it was Lark, who, like himself, had scouted into the Shawnee village, and was retreating to safer quarters.

Then, through the dim aisles of the forest came a dark form gliding onward with steady steps. In the uncertain light, Kenton thought that he recognized the figure of Abe Lark, the scout. Bending down from his hiding-place, Kenton was about to warn him that a friend was near, when the dark form crossed a little opening upon which the moonbeams cast their rays of silvery light, and Kenton caught a glimpse of the form as it glided through the moonlit opening.

The lion-hearted scout almost dropped from the tree when his eyes fell upon that form. The hair upon his head rose in absolute fright: his eyeballs were distended, and cold drops of sweat stood like waxen beads upon his bronzed forehead.

Well might he feel a sense of terror, for there below him glided, what?

The vast proportions of a huge gray wolf, walking erect upon his hind legs, but the wolf possessed the face of a human.

A moment only the wolf—man or phantom—whatever it was—was beheld by the astonished scout, then it disappeared in the gloom of the thicket.

With the back of his hand Kenton wiped the perspiration—cold as the night-dew—from his brow.

"I've seen it!" he muttered to himself. "It's the Wolf Demon. Jerusalem! I'd rather fight forty Shawnees than have a tussle with a monster like that. I always thought that the Injun story 'bout the Wolf Demon was all bosh, but now I've seen it; so near the Shawnee village, too! That'll be a hurricane soon, or I'm a Dutchman."

Leaving the scout to his meditations, we will follow the course of the terrible figure that had so affrighted stout Simon Kenton, who was one of the bravest hearts on the border.

Cautiously and carefully through the thicket the creature glided. It was making its way to the Scioto river.

Suddenly the figure paused, and apparently listened for a moment.

The sound of footsteps of the Indian warriors, headed by the White Dog, scouting through the forest, broke the stillness of the night.

But for a moment the mysterious Wolf Demon listened; then as the Indians came nearer and nearer, with a leap, as agile as that of the squirrel, the terrible form seized hold of a branch of the oak beneath which it was standing, and swung itself up into the concealment of the leaves of the tree.

The Indian braves came on and paused for consultation under the branches of the very tree that concealed, in its leafy recesses, the terrible scourge of their race.

"Wah! The pale chief is alone," said one of the warriors; "no other pale-face is within the wood."

"He is a brave chief to come alone to the lodges of the Shawnee nation," said another of the warriors.

"Boone is a great brave," said the White Dog, who felt a natural pride in extolling the bravery of the prisoner whose capture was plucked to his credit.

"He will never take the war-path against the Shawnees again," said one of the braves, with an accent of satisfaction.

"No; his scalp shall blacken and dry in the smoke of a Shawnee's lodge," said the White Dog.

"It is good," responded another, with a grant of satisfaction.

"The great white-skin will die by the fire, and the red braves will dance around him with joy," said the Indian who had first spoken, with a fierce expression of delight in his voice.

"The long-knife was alone—no more are within the wood; let us return to the village," said the White Dog.

The other warriors grunted their assent, and the party, turning upon their heel, took the way leading back to the village.

Hardly had the figure of the remotest savage disappeared in the gloom of the wood, when from the tree came the terrible figure.

Lightly it bounded to the ground, and, with a glittering tomahawk clutched in its paw, followed swiftly but cautiously on the track of the red-men.

The Indians, however, kept together. Had one remained behind the other, he would never have lived to have told what struck him.

The terrible form followed to the edge of the timber, and ground its teeth in rage at the escape of its foe.

Then it headed again for the river, keeping within the shelter of the timber. The river reached, the mysterious prowler took advantage of the stream's bank, which had been hollowed out by the washing of the water, to reach the wigwam of Ke-ne-ha-ha in which Boone was confined.

There, in the very shadow of the wigwam, the terrible figure lay upon the ground concealed by the darkness, and listened intently.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 190.)

Recapturing a Prize.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY HENRI MONTGOMERY.

Old Josiah Cringle, the richest merchant in Grayport, and withal as staunch a patriot as ever hated the king, was pacing up and down his wharf puffing and blowing like a locomotive on a side-track. Here was his finest schooner, the Lively Lass, loaded to the lines ready for sea, and now that meddlesome Englishman down at Boston had taken it into his head to send around the Sentinel, sloop of war, to take the schooner from sailing. It was too bad! So Mr. Cringle declared to Capt. Zephaniah Cobb, commander of the Lively Lass, as that worthy came down from the wharf.

"It's no use, squire," answered the skipper, philosophically; "the Lass is rightly named, but she ain't lively enough to run out of Grayport Bay with that fellow walking up and down outside," and the old sailor nodded his head toward the Sentinel, whose topsails could be seen three miles to seaward over Cowesett Point, where she was standing back and forth across the narrow mouth of the bay.

"Tis too bad," again groaned the merchant, halting in his walk and angrily regarding the man-of-war. "Four o'clock, and you might have been hundred miles to stith'ard with this wind, if it hadn't been for that cursed Britisher. Now, the schooner will lie here till she rots, I suppose. There's no knowing when we get her out."

"Trust her to me and she shall go out to-night," The words were spoken close behind the merchant's ear, and in a tone so calm and assured that the two men turned in astonishment. A young man, slight in frame, yet from his air and dress evidently a sailor, stood beside them. His face was very handsome, and with his naval cap and a jacket of a material finer than was usual, somehow forced the impression that he was a gentleman. Yet Joshua Cringle eyed him with distrust. "And who are you, sir?" he cried, "who thus boast of ability to do what is plainly impossible?"

The young man met the merchant's eye with one equally haughty and fearless, as he replied: "One who once held the king's commission, but now fights for liberty; and who can make his boast good."

"Hold you now a commission from Congress?"

"No; but from one whom Congress entirely trusted."

"I would fain see it before I believe it," said the merchant, somewhat mollified, but still suspicious.

The young man hesitated, but observing a sneer forming on the merchant's lip and that he was turning impatiently away, he drew a document from his breast-pocket and reluctantly extended it, saying:

"I doubt me much if I do right in exhibiting this, but our army has sore need of the supplies, and I must take the craft out-to-night at all hazards. I show this to you in confidence and—surely I may trust you, sir?"

"'Ou, of course, course,'" answered Cringle, his curiosity now very much excited, eagerly receiving the document. As he read, a look of pleased surprise came into his face, and then, merely glancing over the rest of the paper, he held out his hand. "Enough, enough, sir," he said, cordially. "Do me the honor to shake hands with me. And pray forgive me the rude-

ness with which I met your proposal. You will grant 'twas but natural. Captain Cobb, you are under this gentleman's orders; you will obey them as you would my own. Sir," turning again to the stranger, "the schooner is in your hands. Can I do anything else for you?"

"What does the crew number?"

"Six men besides the officers and cook."

"I must have at least half a dozen more men. Can they be found here?"

"Ay, a dozen if you like, as stout fellows as ever faced a son'-wester."

"Can you get them here before dark?"

"Easily"—and with a few more words and a hearty grip, Josiah Cringle strode away to do the bidding of this young stranger, in whom, though he had known him so short a time, he seemed to have perfect confidence.

As for Captain Zephaniah, he had already gone on board his vessel in high dudgeon.

"A pretty pass things have come to," he muttered, grimly, "when men hand their vessels over to the king's officers without a word. Poor Lass!" and he patted the main-boom affectionately; "but I'll not desert thee though the devil himself was at the helm. But the minit I see the least sign of treachery in that vessel. Now, I'll blow his brains out straight."

"Morris extended his hand.

"Sir," he said, "I am infinitely obliged to you. I was about to ask as much. Will you give a prize crew on board at once with iron for this obstreperous captain and his men?"

The Englishman went to the side, and ordering most of the boat's crew on deck, dispatched the boat to the sloop for a prize crew and the necessary irons. The boat soon returned with ten stout fellows; and the four men and two mates of the Lively Lass, together with Captain Zephaniah, submitted to be ironed as quietly as if they were half-awake. Indeed, several of them now and then rubbed their eyes and looked around in a dazed manner, not entirely certain that the events of the past hour were not all a dream. When all things were arranged and Lieutenant Morris found himself still on the deck of the Lively Lass, but with a British crew under his command, the English officer said, as he went over the side: "You will follow as nearly possible in the Sentinel's track. Our business here is finished and we shall go back at once. If, by any chance, you lose sight of us, proceed at once to Boston. We shall meet again there."

So saying, he waved his hand in adieu, and was pulled back to the ship. Both vessels were put before the wind, the schooner, at starting, but a short distance behind.

Morris now divided his crew into two watches, five men being amply sufficient to work the schooner; and half of them were sent below. Then leaving the deck in charge of an old sailor, who served as first officer, he descended into the cabin.

About two o'clock in the morning Captain Cobb was awakened from his uneasy slumbers by a hand laid upon his shoulder.

"Who's there?" he growled.

"It is I."

"Who's I?"

"The man you shot at."

"What d'ye want now?"

"I am going to release you."

Captain Zephaniah uttered a low whistle. "Wal," he said, doggedly, "if you do I'll be much obliged to you; but I give ye fair warning—the minit I'm free I'll throttle you if I'm big enough."

"You'll do no such thing, Captain Cobb," and the stranger laughed softly. "Haven't you learned to trust me yet?" and without more words he unlocked the captain's fetters, and the two together hastily freed the other men. The group now stole softly forward to where the twelve men were concealed. They found them to a man, sound asleep and entirely ignorant of the fact that the schooner had been captured by the Sentinel. The story was quickly told, however, and with whispered earnestness Morris gave his instructions. There were five men on deck, two aft, one amidships, and two forward. The one amidships was sound asleep. They were to go to the hatchway, spring suddenly on deck, and while two of them ran to close the forecastle-hatch, and thus secure the watch below, it would be an easy matter for the rest to overcome the men on deck. It was of the utmost importance, however, that every thing should be done in perfect silence, as the Sentinel was still in sight, she having shortened sail, to enable her consort to keep up with her.

With these instructions the men crept stealthily on deck, and strange to tell, the vessel was recaptured without any disturbance sufficiently violent to attract the attention on board the Sentinel. Each of the drowsy watch on deck was confronted with a loaded pistol, almost before he really knew that anybody was stirring; and each surrendered in preference to having his brains blown out. They were carefully bound and gagged. As for the watch below, they slept on as peacefully as ever.

"Now," said Morris, in low tones, as he took possession of the wheel, "the only thing remaining is to give the sloop-of-war the slip, and we shall have run the blockade successfully. Captain Cobb," he continued, to his first officer, who now was following him about like a dog, very much ashamed of himself, but not quite ready to own it even yet, "have you any spare spars?"

"Ay, ay," answered the skipper, with fair merriment.

"Very well; get them over the stern for a drag. We'll soon drop astern of the Englishman."

Three heavy spars, dragging through the water, made the Lively Lass much less lively, and ere long the Sentinel began to gain on her sensibly. But the officers of that vessel, though they must have perceived this fact, did not seem disposed to delay any longer for their consort. Gradually the distance between the two vessels increased, and at length Morris, peering forward through the darkness, being no longer able to discern the outline of the Sentinel, hauled aft his sheets; and the Lively Lass, with the wind still blowing free from the north, stood out toward mid-ocean, and at daylight no enemy was to be seen.

Just before Morris went below to turn in after his

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"Why, Lord Somers, my ears certainly deceive me! What are you saying? It is some extraordinary good humor on your part; you are enjoying yourself forgetfully."

"Will you answer my proposal?"

"Answer? Your proposal? What do you mean, my lord?"

"Is it not plain? I have asked you to be my wife."

His tone was rather practical for a lover; yet his earnestness was plain, there was an unmistakable sincerity in his speech. Ytol, astounded by the proposition, stared like one dumb-struck.

"Answer me—"

"Cease, my lord; let me begone," she said, starting to pass him.

He laid a hand upon her arm—laid it there gently, detaining her, and gazing ardently into her incredulous, upturned face.

"Do not misunderstand me," he whispered.

"Lord Somers, you surely are jesting?—you are sporting unkindly with me!" exclaimed Ytol.

"I swear to you—if I may swear—that I love and would marry you."

"Marry me? Oh! no, my lord, you would not wed with such as I am: a poor governess, a friendless girl, whom you would despise, in after years, for her past history of wretchedness. You do wrong to talk to me thus. Let me go, believing that this is some innocent joke; and I forgive it."

"Ytol Lyn, listen to me," he interrupted, warmly. "I offer to marry you and be your friend. If you are poor, it is in money alone, and I will make that up. Do not doubt me in this. My motives are pure; I propose to you in all the sincerity of honor. Will you accept?"

"I dare not consider it for a moment, my lord! I beg of you, let me go my way."

Ytol spoke frightened. She was agitated; a abruptness, the unexpectedness of such a proposal from Lord Somers startled her.

She disengaged his hold upon her arm, and stepped from him.

"Don't flee from me," he besought, making a motion as if to clasp her sleeve again.

"I can not listen to you—"

"Say you will be mine. Or—" his manner altering suddenly and wonderfully, well, I see, are taken by surprise. It is natural, Go, then. But remember: Lord Egbert Somers has offered you his hand and heart. Tomorrow morning, I'll be sure to seek you and expect your answer. Think of it, meanwhile—and think wisely. Au revoir. Be by-the-by, here's the day's paper. There may be interesting reading in it."

Mechanically, she took the paper which he handed her. Her lips were sealed; the blue eyes were wide and blank.

Raising his hat politely, he left her, smiling complacently as he turned away.

For a few seconds she stood motionless, staring after him, and then fled back along the path toward the house.

When the spot was deserted, the bushes were thrust apart, and a female stepped forth from concealment.

It was the new occupant of the Lodge—Dwilla St. Jean, the girl woman.

Looking after the two, alternately, she laughed lowly:

"Ha! ha! ha! So, Lord Somers is in the web of fascination? Look to yourself, then, Ione Layworth. It is the family history of the Dances, that, if a daughter be first loved by a man, and there is the smallest encouragement to his passion, all the powers of earth can not draw the affection from its idol. So it was when Silas Dufour met Nora Dane; so it was when Shenshen Layworth met Nora Dane, after her marriage, and he deserted his own wife to follow her. The same blood flows, the same beauty of feature exists now as then. If Catijo does not soon seize Ytol, and she gives Lord Somers so much as one soft glance, there will be a match that Ione Layworth will not figure in."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BOND BROKEN.

"Four things the wise man knew not to declare: The eagle's path athwart the fields of air; The ship's deep furrow thru' the ocean's spray; The serpent's winding on the rock; the way Of man with woman."

"But the most secret—Lightning, ever glare, Tempests, whose thunders never cease to roll—The storms of love, when maddened to despair; The furious tempests of the jealous soul."

—CLATSON.

Mrs. LAYWORTH sat in the parlor, reading beneath the chandelier of many brilliant fancy lamps.

She was disturbed by the abrupt entrance of Ione.

The face of the beautiful girl was crimson, her eyes flashed fierily, her jeweled hands were clenched tightly, with the arms stiff at her sides. There were frowning lines across her erst smooth brow, and her whole mien indicated a burning frenzy.

"Well, Ione!" exclaimed the mother, "what does this mean?"

Ione did not reply immediately, but strode back and forth once or twice; then she halted near the oval table, half leaning on it, and swaying under the influence of passion.

"Ione, you are excited. What has occurred?" "Oh! this is *too* much!" breathlessly. "You thought I had nothing to fear; you advised me not to be jealous. We have both been blind, *blind*, I say, while an outrage was being practised before our very eyes."

"Why, Ione!" Mrs. Layworth put aside the book, and contemplated her daughter bewilderedly, hesitating with her utterance.

"Mother, I say we have been outraged!"

"How?"

"By Lord Somers—by this plotting, scheming, pretty-faced governess, Ytol Lyn, or Ytol Dufour. It is bad enough that we should find the heir to the best bulk of uncle David's estate, and be robbed eventually of so much of our wealth; but to have her intrude here, and, by her sly, coy, artful enchantments, destroy all our anticipations for the future—"

"Tell me what this girl has done?" interrogated Mrs. Layworth, rising, while her own glance kindled, and a suspicion of Ione's meaning came gradually into her mind.

"Done?" panted the beauty. "She has won from Lord Somers a proposal of marriage!"

"No!"

"But she has! I heard it. They met, not two hours since, at the lake. It was accident that placed me not twenty feet from them; I was screened by the hedge, and did not lose a word of their dialogue. More: he even told her a deliberate falsehood—told her that we never had been, and were not betrothed. Oh! how I hate him now, where I but tolerated him before!"

"And Ytol?—did she accept?"

Ione was walking to and fro again, unable to remain still.

"No, she refused him."

"Then he is not lost to you yet; and if you are wise—"

The excited girl wheeled suddenly, and paused. Her lip curled, and her face glowed as if the maddened spirit which consumed her, re-doubled by her mother's speech, sent every pulse of blood to cheeks and temples.

"Not lost!" she repeated, huskily; "and do

you think I would wed Lord Egbert Somers, knowing that he considers his allegiance so lightly?—knowing that he has broached the subject of love to another, while bound to me, and denying my claim upon him? Am I beginning for his affection? Am I to tolerate open insult, crush the germ of feeling in my own soul, to retain him? No—I will not. It is at an end. I would not marry him, now, even if, on bended knees!"

"Hush!" hissed the mother, sharply, and with a quick, warning sign.

Lord Somers at that moment came upon them. They had not heard his step in the hall. Had he overheard Ione's passionate outburst?

"Good evening," he said, blandly—the voice of one surprised at an unexpected meeting.

Ione turned from him. How she despised him, just then! She approached one of the windows, and drawing aside the drapery curtains, looked out, to conceal her emotion.

Mrs. Layworth, raised in the world's school, smiled pleasantly.

"You've kept yourself rather aloof, my lord."

"I crave pardon for it, if it is a fault. I never tire of rambling around this delightful locality—especially in the direction of the lake," with a glance at Ione, whose back was toward him.

The keen mother detected that glance; she felt that his remark was an intended thrust.

"You were reading," he added. "Do not let me interrupt you."

"Oh, it is no interruption; I was about to retire. You'll excuse me?"

Bowing and bestowing a covert look upon the silent form near the window, Mrs. Layworth withdrew.

She desired the pair to be alone together; she meant to seek Ytol.

As she ascended the stairs she muttered, pettishly:

"How unfortunate! I could curse this girl for the trouble she has made. Did Lord Somers hear Ione?—if so, he is too spirited to consummate the intended match; and thus both money and title slip through our grasp. Ione is foolish. I shall scold Ytol severely—ha! lucky thought! I'll lock her up in her room, until Lord Somers returns to London. He goes in four days. She will not be particularly missed in that time."

With the new scheme running in her mind, she tip-toed in the direction of Ytol's apartment. The nursery was empty; and as the next day was the children's holiday, she knew the governess must be in her room.

But events were to transpire which would take Lord Somers away from Wilde Manor within twenty-four hours.

Mrs. Layworth's fears were correct. Somers had, though unintentionally, been a listener to Ione's jealousy.

When alone with her who was indeed his affianced bride, he calmly folded his arms and surveyed her. There was a cold, haughty expression in his handsome features; his eyes regarded her with a stern, thoughtful look.

It was the new occupant of the Lodge—Dwilla St. Jean, the girl woman.

Looking after the two, alternately, she laughed lowly:

"Ha! ha! ha! So, Lord Somers is in the web of fascination? Look to yourself, then, Ione Layworth. It is the family history of the Dances, that, if a daughter be first loved by a man, and there is the smallest encouragement to his passion, all the powers of earth can not draw the affection from its idol. So it was when Silas Dufour met Nora Dane; so it was when Shenshen Layworth met Nora Dane, after her marriage, and he deserted his own wife to follow her. The same blood flows, the same beauty of feature exists now as then. If Catijo does not soon seize Ytol, and she gives Lord Somers so much as one soft glance, there will be a match that Ione Layworth will not figure in."

Mechanically, she took the paper which he handed her. Her lips were sealed; the blue eyes were wide and blank.

Raising his hat politely, he left her, smiling complacently as he turned away.

For a few seconds she stood motionless, staring after him, and then fled back along the path toward the house.

When the spot was deserted, the bushes were thrust apart, and a female stepped forth from concealment.

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IN THE FALL.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The dear old year is in the wane,
The tender leaf is growing late;
Oh, how that loves all things are vain,
How shivery standing at the gate!

The chill wind comes from the north,
The frost has stripped the forests bare,
And lonely looks the lonesome earth,
And flannel clothing we must wear.

White in the early morning lie
The frosty paths, souls that aspire,
With longing look for things more high—
Oh, how about that morning fire!

The sun declines toward the line,
And days grow short and grief grows long,
Our wreaths of faded flowers we twine—
And put on boots both stony and strong.

How tenderly Shasta's eyes are bright and green!
The day when leaves were bright and green,
But now those leaves are 'neath our feet,
We've laid our winter parsnips in.

But how we miss the gentle flowers
That brightened the long summer noons!
The sad mind turns to future hours
And heavier coats and pantaloons.

The summer eyes with moonlight gay,
What tender wows have they heard told,
To last forever and always—
But now the parlor's awfully cold.

The old dead life of summertime!
For long remembrance doth it plead;
We weep and think its death a crime,
And wonder how much wood we'll need.

Alas! how you break my stay
Of every thing that's spied, loves!
Weighs off that's passed away,
And go to putting up new stoves.

But there are hearts that love us still,
And many a voice whose music stirs
Is left to us our hearts to thrill
With, "Husband, how about them furs!"

DICK DARLING,

The Pony Express-Rider.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

IV.

The sun was high in the heavens over Fairfield's Ranch, and the air hot, sultry and dry, when a young girl came to the gate of the stockade that surrounded the house, and tripped down to the spring on the other side of the great live-oak tree near the gate.

She was a tall, magnificently-formed girl, with long black hair that fell nearly to her waist; and she carried the pitcher balanced on her head with all the upright grace of an Arab maiden.

She had been gone but a moment, when a second girl came to the gate, equally beautiful in face and form, but the brightest of blondes, as her sister Charlotte was the darkest of brunettes.

Sophy Fairfield opened the gate softly, and looked forth. Hardly had she done so, when she was startled by a rustling sound in the tree overhead; and looking up, gave a low scream of surprise and terror. The next moment, down out of the branches of the tree, where he had been hidden, dropped a tall Modoc warrior; and, not noticing Sophy at the gate, rushed to the other side of the tree, where Charlotte had gone to the spring.

It was the work of a second for quick-witted Sophy, used to frontier perils, to slam to and bar the gate, and to rush to the house for a weapon. She knew, none better, that it was useless for her to venture out and add one more to the victims of Indian barbarity. At such times selfishness is the only course for a woman, and not till Sophy was safe in the house did she feel that she might do something to save her sister from a terrible fate.

It was at the beginning of that sudden Modoc outbreak which startled and alarmed the whole country. As yet the settlers in the immediate vicinity of the scene of hostilities were slow to believe themselves in any danger. Sophy's father, old John Fairfield, had been Indian agent and trader so long that he had grown to think that no Indian would harm him. That very day he had ridden fearlessly away to Yreka, leaving his ranch unguarded, save by the two girls, as he had done hundreds of times before.

Sophy Fairfield knew that she had none but herself to depend upon, and she made her preparations with all the cool courage of a border girl. The house was secured against attack in a few minutes—it was a veritable frontier fortress, easily defended—then the brave girl took down her light rifle, girt herself with a belt containing two revolvers and ammunition, and ascended to the roof of the house to survey the neighborhood.

The summit of the little dwelling was surrounded with a small structure of heavy logs, meant on purpose for sheltering an observer, and the girl found no difficulty in surveying the whole of the horizon.

She had not far to look for her sister. The whole neighborhood of the ranch was deserted; and the presence of two or three cows, grazing outside the stockade as quietly as if nothing had happened, was conclusive proof that the Indians must have departed, as cattle are always uneasy in their vicinity. But a glance out on the prairie revealed the sought-for object.

A single horse, with a double burden, was moving rapidly off to the north-west in the direction of the Lava Beds, and Sophy recognized the figure of the Modoc warrior, while the muffled-up bundle on the horse's croup could be none other than her captured sister.

A strange thrill went through the girl's heart, as she gazed. Her thoughts may be best guessed by the murmured words that fell from her lips.

"She is gone—by no fault of mine—they can not blame me—I did not do it—but I loved Dick first, and now it will not be wrong to love him—poor Charlotte will be killed, and he will be free to love me—I know he would if she had not come between us—they can not expect me to follow her alone—and Dick Darling will be mine."

It was a terrible temptation to the poor girl. Dick Darling, the dashing Dick, darling of all the girls in the Far West, had won two hearts where he had thought to win but one; and had fallen as a brand of discord into the Fairfield family, making rivals of sisters, who, till then, had never held more than one common thought. Only the day before he had left, to carry the miffs from Yreka to the Lava Beds, and now Sophy's rival was vanishing before her eyes, and no blame could attach to her.

The girl watched the retreating figures with dry, blazing eyes for some time, and then turned hurriedly away, murmuring:

"No, no, I can not look longer—I shall go mad."

She ran down-stairs to the little sitting-room, and threw herself on a chair, burying her face in her hands and sobbing. When she looked up, a sudden change came over her face, for the first thing that her eyes rested on was a staring portrait on the wall. It was but a dab, to cultivated eyes, but to hers, accustomed to it for years, it produced a shock, such as

the best efforts of a Titan could not have compassed. It was the picture of two little girls, with arms entwined, playing with some flowers, herself and sister, as they were once.

It acted on the girl like a stroke of lightning. She jumped up and ran wildly out to the stable, screaming:

"Lotty! Lotty! Dear little sister, I'll die to save you—forgive me."

In a moment more, with trembling hands, she was taking down a saddle and hastily girding it on her own fleet Indian pony. Ere the Modoc rasher was out of sight from the ranch, Sophy was mounted and on his trail.

The Indian who had carried off Lotty Fairfield was a tall, muscular fellow, richly dressed, but unarmed, save for a bowie-knife. He found the girl at the spring; seized her with a grasp of iron, and enveloped her in a blanket, ere she could utter more than a single shriek of terror; then dashed her to the earth with a force that half-stunned her; and in a moment had bound a rope firmly round the blanket, securing it so strongly that escape became an utter impossibility. The daring rasher then lifted her up like a log, threw her over his shoulder, and strode away to the cottonwood thicket. Here he found a fine horse fastened to a tree, which he led out, laid the helpless bundle over the croup of the animal, mounted himself, and then fastened the girl to his waist with a long belt.

That done, he started off at a round trot, heading straight for the Lava Beds, and for some time rode on without uttering a word. About six miles from the ranch appeared a grove of live-oak, the central one of all being as gigantic as the one that sheltered the ranch gate. To this grove the Modoc directed his course, quietly dismounted there, and fastened his horse to a tree, then laid his captive on the ground, and spoke for the first time.

"Ha, Missy Lotty, you t'ink Shasta Jim big boy, but he no fool. Me Modoc brave, and me want pretty white squaw—by gosh me have him now. Come, give Shasta a kiss, poopy Missy Charlotte."

As the scoundrel spoke, he drew the keen bowie-knife and cut a slit in the blanket, which he threw open, disclosing the face of poor

Lotty, who had been bound to the earth.

"Patience, good Gulio," exhorted Ordelloff, casting a piercing glance down into the dark street near to the wall. "I trust that we shall have not long to wait."

"And what wait we for?" questioned the lieutenant.

"Gulio, you are devoted to my fortunes, I think," the captain said, abruptly.

"To the death!" responded the young lieutenant.

"Quick after him! arrest and bring him to



"Now den, you be my squaw, I call him all right. If not, I cuts you into little bits just now."

Charlotte Fairfield, gazing apprehensively up at him.

"Aha, Missy Charlotte," said Shasta Jim, triumphantly, "you know Shasta. You know Hooker Tom, kill yesserday by ole man Fairfield. Now den, you be my squaw, I call him all right. If not, I cuts you into little bits just now. Ha, s'pose you like dat? Come, you be Shasta Jim's squaw; he gib you nice lodge, good hunter, plenty buff'lo, much heap eat; s'pose you say yes?"

And the savage leered lovingly at his captive, who turned her eyes away, shuddering with loathing, but not daring to speak for fear of hastening her own destruction.

Shasta Jim was about to renew his efforts at entertainment, when he suddenly started and listened. The rapid tramp of a horse at full speed was coming over the prairie. Charlotte rolled herself over, so as to see who was coming, and recognized her own sister, with a rifle gleaming in her hand.

The lieutenant nodded in the affirmative.

"He's a handsome fellow, tall and straight, eyes like a woman, and hair like a poet. Our Lady of Faenza fancies this young gallant, and if she has her way, will make him lord of this good town and of her own fair person; but like brave Galeotto, who drank the poisoned wine, filled for him by the soft hand of his wife, this soldier has seen a fairer face than that of his sovereign mistress. And this is why we now watch upon the rampart. The soldier lodges yonder. To-night he will seek his love, and we will follow close as dog at heel. When he enters the house, we will bide our time without. When he departs, he is to be arrested and conveyed straight to the palace.

Sophy Fairfield galloped up to the savage, in her hand, and then wheeled away, as if disappointed. Like a tiger Shasta sprung after and caught her by the flowing skirt. She screamed and dropped her rifle, and Shasta let go the skirt to pounce on the weapon.

It proved to be only a rust of Sophy's. Even as he stooped for the rifle the girl fired her pistol into his back, grazing him, and Shasta Jim, waiting for no second shot, dropped the stolen weapon and fled.

A moment later the sisters were in each other's arms, Sophy murmuring:

"Forgive me, Lotty darling, I'll never be jealous again. Be happy with Dick."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 190.)

A BABY lately had the misfortune to swallow the contents of an ink bottle. Its mother immediately administered a box of pens and a sheet of paper, and the child has felt well since.

Strange Stories.

THE LADY OF FAENZA.

An Italian Legend of the Fifteenth Century.

BY AGILE PENNE.

exchange for which she makes me lord of this good town."

"Da Ceri is rash to trifle with such a tigress."

"Yes, the woman who did not hesitate to punish the unfaithful husband, despite his powerful kindred, would not be apt to pause when only the life of a simple soldier was in question."

"And you, Ordelloff, do you not fear to wed this demon of a woman?"

"Bah!" cried the leader of the Black Bands, caressing his bearded chin, "even a tigress can be tamed. For the sake of the town I take the woman, and, if we quarrel, no bite or sup will I taste that she has had the handling of. But hush! you're here."

"Ordeloff and his lieutenant followed the tall, dark figure closely.

Halting at last before a little inn in a by street, the young soldier—for it was Lorenzo de Ceri, the favorite of his august mistress, that the two followed so closely—cast a hasty glance around him, then entered the inn.

"He's trapped at last!" Ordelloff exclaimed,

"A workman is known by his chips," was Dan's reply, as he pointed to a collection of rags cleanly polished, and vertebrae picked closely, lying about the log on which I sat.

"Never mind, Scrib; 'May good digestion wait on appetite.' You want some flesh on your bones."

But, seriously, the appetite of men in the woods is something wonderful.

After breakfast we shouldered our rods and rifles and walked across a half-mile "carry" to the next lake. The path led through a vast old woods, the patriarchal trunks bringing to the mind Bryant's grand "Forest Hymn," as they stood—

"Mossy and tall and dark;

"Fit shrine for humble worshiper."

It was a strange morning, the air heavy, the sky almost oppressive. Some unknown danger seemed to hang over us, though what we did not know. Old Ben glanced uneasily about him and quickened his pace.

"What is it, Ben?" asked Harry, who walked next to him.

"I dunno," replied the guide. "I wish we was out of the woods, that's all."

"What are you afraid of, Ben?"

"Nuthin', ez I know on, but this kind of mornin' don't suit me."

The air, which had been a moment before oppressively warm, now became suddenly cold. A light wind, coming in fitful gusts, began to stir the forest leaves, and Old Ben knew his danger, yet he would not tell us what it was.

"Legs kin do it, boys," he cried. "Folier me and if you never run afore, run now."

He took the lead, running at a speed which taxed our utmost powers to emulate. Dan alone of all the party kept close to his heels, and could have passed him easily, only he did not know which way to run. The wind was heavier now, a cold, chilling blast piercing to the very marrow. A shudder seemed to pass through the bending boughs, and a long, tremulous murmur was heard—a sound like the wail of an imprisoned spirit struggling to get free. I never like to run, but there are times when I can conquer prejudice, and this was one of the occasions. Perspiring at every pore, I followed Harry as fast as I could put foot to the ground, looking over my shoulder as I ran.

The murmur increased to a roar, as if the imprisoned demons had forced their way to liberty and were determined to claim us for their prey.

"Keep it up!" cried Old Ben. "A few hundred yards more an' we are safe."

As he spoke we began to ascend a rising ground, and the trees were more scattered and decreased in size. Out of breath, panting from that short but hard race, we toiled up the steep and stod triumphant upon the bare crest of a hill far above the tree-tops, and here we turned to note the danger from which we had fled.

"Look that!" said Ben, pointing. "Now tell me we didn't do right to put in our durned est?"

We looked back, and a strange, awful sight greeted our view. Five hundred yards away a huge spiral cloud, near a mile in diameter, was whirling down toward us over the path we had so lately pursued. In the heart of this cloud, whirled about like feathers, we saw great branches wrenched from the giant trees dancing like motes in the sun, and every moment some new change in the flying ruin was seen.

If you have never beheld the work of a whirlwind in a forest, you have missed one of the grandest sights in nature. Nothing can stand before its terrible power. Great trees were torn up by the roots, or literally twisted off at the stem, falling several yards from the trunk.

The successive fall of these gigantic trees was like the crash of artillery in some great battle.

In the center of the whirling mass, and for a distance of half a mile, the ruin was fearful.

Nothing to equal it in magnificence have I ever yet seen. As grass falls before the mower's scythe, so fell the patriarchs of the forest as the whirlwind rushed by, and, standing safe on the hill, we could note the track of the giant, and see that it cut a lane, half a mile wide, through the woods to the east.

"Boys," said Old Ben, taking off his hat and looking upward, "when I see such a sight as that, I think how small, mean and pitiful a creature man is when the Master shows his power."

We listened to the old man reverently as he spoke with the wind lifting his gray hair.

Then, when all danger was over, we came down from the hill and pursued our way over a path which was indescribable in its mien. In short the path was obliterated. Great trees, five feet through at the butt, had been twisted off like pipe-stems, and lay across each other in inextricable confusion. I have never seen so short a time.

"Talk about a carry on this side of the lake," said Old Ben. "That's played out, anyhow! an' how the boys will sw'ar when they see it! But just think min'! whar w'u'd we be if I hadn't known the signs?"

We did not answer the question, but each man felt that we had been wonderfully preserved.

We were more than convinced of this when we saw, directly in the path and crushed under a fallen pine—a noble stag, whose speed and strength had not been sufficient to give him safety, and we mutely thanked the Master of life that we had not been deeper in the woods.

At the end of the carry we found young Ben with the canoes which he had "run" through the rifts, a dangerous passage which none of us cared to attempt. The boy was in ecstasies as he saw the whole party come out safely.

"Thunder!" he said. "I thort every thing had fetched loose when I saw that cussed whirlwind coming. It mowed the trees like grass, old man!"

"We go to the hills," said Old Ben; "but don't ye dare to speak lightly of the danger, boy. It's only that we her other work to do that we are spared to git her. Never speak that way of a danger you've escaped."

The boy hung his head and flushed.

"My crime?" demanded the soldier, hotly.

"Truant," said the lady, with a charming smile, "where were you to-night?"

The soldier hesitated, and ere he could answer, Ordelloff entered the room, bearing a burden beneath his cloak.